

In 1887 she was married to William Murdoch, a widower, who had arrived from Scotland in 1878 and had located in Lake Creek. His family, two sons and two daughters, were all married. They were: James D., David L., Margaret Adamson and Janet Baird.

William and Mary had three children, namely: William Louis, Mary Murray and Lizzabelle.

They sold their Lake Creek property and moved to Heber, where they lived many years.

William Murdoch passed away in March, 1913, and was buried in the city cemetery in Heber, Utah.

Mary was again called to mourn the loss of loved ones in the death of her daughter, Margaret Lindsay Burt, in January, 1916, and again in the death of her daughter Mary in November, 1918. After this sorrow she felt it best to sell her home and move to Idaho, to be near her children and other relatives.

She passed away at Lorenzo, Idaho, in June, 1929, and burial was made in the city cemetery at Heber, Utah.

JAMES LYON LINDSAY



James Lyon Lindsay was born September 21, 1873, at Heber, Utah, to William and Mary Mair Lindsay. His father took up a homestead about three miles east of Heber and the family moved there in 1877.

Here, Jim (or Jimmy, as he was sometimes called) spent his boyhood days, helping his father with the farm work. He attended school and Church in Heber. He attended Wasatch Stake Academy in Heber when it was established in 1889. In 1901 he moved his family to Provo, Utah, where he took a missionary course at the Brigham Young Academy.

Jim began herding sheep when he was 14 years old and a few years later was able to acquire a herd of his own. This was his vocation throughout his life.

Elizabeth Jones was born September 3, 1877, to Richard and Agnes Campbell Jones, at Heber, Utah. The two-room house in which she was born was located across the street, south of what is now the Wasatch High School. She went to school at Sleepy Hollow, two blocks west from where she lived.

In 1899 the Jones family moved to Center to live on a farm. Lizzie attended school and Church in this community. She was active in sports.

At times she used to work for other people, and when she was 10 years old she received 50 cents a week, and with her first savings she bought a pair of shoes for \$1.50.

She was trained to think of her home responsibilities. When she was away from home a little while in the afternoon she knew it was her duty to go home and help with the evening chores.

James Lyon Lindsay and Elizabeth Jones were married in the Salt Lake Temple on July 31, 1895. They made their home at Center and both took an active part in the Church and community.

While living here, six of their 10 children were born, namely: Vera (Mrs. Walter J. Rasband), Agnes (Mrs. Wallace B. Parkinson), Mary (Mrs. Kenneth H. Nelson), Della (Mrs. Clarence Ostlund), and Richard J., the only boy in the family, who married Arvilla Duke; Edna (who married William Carlisle, who died in a mine explosion, and she later was married to Dick Lane).

In 1903, Jim bought a ranch in Magrath, Canada, but the family only lived there a short time and returned to Utah on account of his wife having a very serious case of mastoid trouble. He sold his property in Canada and again made a home at Center.

Jim left his home to fill an LDS mission in the Northwestern States in July, 1906. Lizzie was left to care for five children, and John Allen, his brother, took over the care of his sheep. He returned in August, 1908.

In 1909 the family moved to Heber and bought a home one block east of the bank, where Bertha (Mrs. Adolph M. Nielsen)

and Merle (Mrs. S. Lawrence Moss) were born. Then, in 1916, they bought the home of Dr. Ray Hatch, two blocks east of the Exchange, where they were living when they died. In this house, LaRae (Mrs. Wilson Lenzi) and Vilate (Mrs. Russell Wall) were born.

Jim served as a member of the City Council and as a counselor in Heber First Ward bishopric and was a ward teacher.

Lizzie worked as an officer of the MIA about 20 years, a Relief Society teacher, working on the Sunshine Committee, and an officer in the Red Cross.

Jim died from a sudden heart attack at Currant Creek, Utah, on October 15, 1932.

Lizzie died after many months of illness at her home in Heber on June 11, 1945.

WILLIAM AND MARY MAIR LINDSAY



William Lindsay was born February 11, 1847, in Scotland. He was still in his ninth year when he went to the coal mine to assist his father and brother Robert. He remembers never seeing the sun in winter, except on Sunday, and of his mother waking them to get them off to the mine, with tears in her eyes because of their youth and the hard work required. The mine law said a boy must be 10 years old to be employed. One day the boss came into the mine and, seeing William, he asked if he was 10. William said he was not quite. The boss asked him to spell Carmelbank, which he did. He also gave him a book to read, which satisfied him as he said, "You are a clever boy and deserve a shilling." This was the first money he had ever been given and was proud of it. He had lost the sight of his right eye when two years old. His father was killed in the coal mine when he

was 14. With his mother and seven brothers and sisters, they left Scotland and sailed for Zion, arriving in Heber on September 21, 1862. He accepted a job on a farm, receiving \$100 a year, payable in grain, to help feed the family. He later acquired an ox team and heavy wagon, and hauled coal from Silver Creek to Salt Lake to help the family. In 1866 he joined the territorial militia, as the Black Hawks were on the war path, for which service he in later years received a pension. To be able to do this he led an oxen team laden with produce to Salt Lake to buy guns for he and his brothers to use.

In the fall of 1867 he was one of three men chosen to go from Heber to haul granite blocks from Little Cottonwood Canyon to Salt Lake to build the Temple. In 1868 he drove an ox team and wagon in a caravan that brought immigrants from the Platte River to Salt Lake City. On December 15, 1868, he married Mary Mair, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake. It took two days to make the trip with oxen. His brother Robert and his sweetheart, Sarah Ann Murdock, went along and they were married the same day. Their mother accompanied them. While in the city they bought 100 pounds of flour for \$10, two straight chairs, a small rocker, one brass kettle of molasses, a few other needed things, and started home. But one of the oxen became lame and Mary had to take turns prodding it along behind the sleigh. Their first home was built of logs, a cellar with sandstone wall and floor, on the corner of Third East and First North, where Lowe Ashton now lives. Mary was a fine homemaker. She had worked in homes where she learned the fundamentals of cooking, nursing, sewing, etc. She was kind and cheerful, as was her husband, and they got along fine, each working to help make life a successful, happy adventure.

William entered a homestead on Lake Creek in 1876, taking their three little ones. They worked hard grubbing sagebrush to clear the land, build ditches for water, and all that goes to make a good farm. A seven-room farmhouse took the place of the first log cabin, and in 1876 William walked to Salt Lake to file for his citizenship papers. Although he was not privileged to obtain an education, he studied and did what

he could to help himself. Being anxious to help others, he held a night school in his own home. He was an exceptionally fine penman and speller, loved poetry, and delighted his family and friends with his own compositions. Among his poems is "Lovely Provo Valley." He also wrote many family histories for friends. He held many responsible positions in his Church and was very public-minded, being happy to be among those who would donate to public buildings and worthwhile projects. He was 58 years old when he moved his family from the farm to a house he owned in Heber, and went to England on a two-year mission. He visited relatives in Scotland before his return in 1907.

He was a good, honest, and kind man, being respected by all who knew him. He was 86 years old when he died, May 14, 1932.

His good wife Mary was born July 31, 1852, at Gaswater, Scotland. She came with her mother and brothers, Andrew and Alexander Mair, to Heber in 1864. They had a long, hard journey and she had mountain fever several weeks. However, with good food and care she soon mended after her arrival here.

Although their farm was three miles east of Heber, on the east side of Lindsay's Hill, they seldom were tardy or missed their meetings. She served in many Church capacities. A good cook, she made many fancily decorated three-tiered wedding cakes for people. Her services among the sick were unlimited until her health broke down. She was the daughter of Allan and Mary Murdoch Mair, and died June 3, 1916, at the age of 63. Yet she had lived a rich, full life of service cheerfully given. Their children were: Mary M. (Mamie Lindsay), William Howie, James Lyon, John Allan, Andrew Alexander, Crissie, David Pryde, and Annie.

Three children died in their youth.

WILLIAM HOWIE LINDSAY AND MARGARET ELINOR THOMAS LINDSAY

William Howie Lindsay was the eldest son of William and Mary Mair Lindsay, being born October 24, 1871, at Heber, Utah.



When he was six years old they moved to a homestead three miles east of Heber, and in a log house the parents and four children had a very happy home.

Much time was spent grubbing sagebrush from the land and his job was to help gather and burn it and herd the cows.

His schooling was rather meager, because of the distance, the deep winter snows and the very bad roads in the spring. He did make enough progress that he attended Wasatch Academy at Heber. Enoch Jorgensen was the instructor.

When his brothers were old enough to help his father on the farm he went to Park City to work in the mines. He attended Church and sang in the choir. He renewed his acquaintance with Margaret Elinor Thomas, a friendship which began in Heber. She was the daughter of Joseph and Margaret Watson Thomas, and Nellie, as she was lovingly called, was the first baby born at Center on January 9, 1877. She had lost two brothers in their early life and when she was nine years old, she, four sisters and four brothers were left orphans, as their parents died two weeks apart of pneumonia. She went to live in a home at Heber and to go to school.

She caught some lice and the lady with whom she lived cut off her lovely red hair which had given her the name of "Carrot Top." When a young lady working for some friends in Park City, she had typhoid fever and lost all her hair, it came in a beautiful auburn shade to match her lovely soft brown eyes.

She and William H. Lindsay, James L. Lindsay and his sweetheart, Elizabeth Jones, all life-long friends, went to Salt Lake and were married by John R. Winder on July 31, 1895. On their return a lovely wedding reception was given in their honor at Pride's

Hall at Center, a hot dinner and dancing in the evening.

Their first child, Martin S., was born in Park City. He saved money and the next year bought a farm at the foot of Lindsay Hill, near Heber. He began to buy sheep, knowing that it was a paying proposition. Their second son, Dawson, was born there, also Sarah Elizabeth and William Harold. They moved to Heber so the children would be near school. He was away with the sheep often, but he continued to buy sheep until he had a paying herd. It made work for him and his sons. He spent thousands of dollars buying land from the government for spring and fall range, and the family spent their summers at the ranch at Currant Creek to be near the sheep.

They were happy and proud to send Dawson on a two-year mission for the LDS Church. He loved to have his children and grandchildren with him. He was a successful business man. He was kind, considerate and wanted to be of service to his fellow men, always willing to help anyone in need and honest in his dealings. He was the father of 11 children. His health was quite good and even though prosperous, he still managed his own business and was very active until his death from a heart attack on June 27, 1939, at his home.

His good wife carried on. She was a fine manager and knew how to handle the business, with the help of her sons. Hers was a rich, full life, and she was always busy helping others when not doing for herself. Her family loved to come home to be with her, for she kept herself and others happy with her lovely handwork. She had been a Relief Society visiting teacher.

She died May 5, 1958, at Heber.

ADA LOUISA PHIPPEN MAHONEY

Isaac Phippen and Ada Stewart were the parents of Ada Louisa Phippen Mahoney. Ada Louisa Phippen was born September 2, 1842. She was born at Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois. She married Jeremiah Mahoney May 17, 1863.

Before I was very old the Mormon people began to have trouble and I was one year and ten months old when the prophet and his brother were martyred. Times got worse, but they still kept working on the

temple and finished it. Many got their blessings, so got paid for their hardships.

In 1845, times were very bad in Nauvoo. They had to stand guard around the city. My brother was on guard and was shot accidentally and died a few hours later. It was a time of sorrow for many.

In 1846 we had to leave our homes with hundreds of others. We had two wagons for our family and my brother's family, so we left everything and crossed the Mississippi River, and came to Winter Quarters, where we stayed until the summer of 1848, when we crossed the Missouri River into Iowa, where we lived until 1852. While in Iowa my father farmed, raising hundreds of bushels of wheat, corn and vegetables and other grains. We were there the winter after the Battalion boys went. In the summer of 1847, father planted a lot of foodstuffs, which helped us through the winter. Ada Louisa and her brother went to school in Iowa.

On June 23, 1852, we were ready to start for Salt Lake. So again my father and mother left everything except what they could put in two wagons. They left their farm and never got one cent for it, also their houses and everything that was in them, only a chair or two; not even a table, but we had plenty of clothes, but we had no regrets for what we left. We had quite a time getting started, as some of the others decided that they did not want to go to Utah, but with much persuasion we got to the Missouri River. There were hundreds of wagons camped there, waiting to cross the river. There was much sickness at this time, but soon all was well. As we traveled we gathered lots of buffalo chips. We had plenty of Indian scares. We saw thousands of buffalo; we also scraped and dried meat.

We always stopped Sundays and held services. Almost every night we danced and every Thursday night we held meetings and sang the songs of Zion. When we arrived at Independence Rock we had a wedding. A lot of young folks went through Devil's Gate; I wanted to go, but mother would not let me.

When we reached the three crossings of Sweetwater the company was divided and my father was put in captain. Here we made better time, and there was no sickness. The weather was quite cold, and we had a